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Turner's Dramatic Library.

THE
BRAZEN DRUM;

OR, THE

VANKEE IN POLAND.

A NATIONAL DRAMA.

IN

Two Acts.

BY SPENCER S. STEELE, ESQ.

Author of "Clandare, Stewart's Triumph, Crock of Gold,
Lion of the Sea, Aladdin, a Chinese drama; The Postil-
lion, Grecian Queen, Post-heel-on Long jaw-bone,
Amilie Plater, New York Assurance,
The Dream," &c., &c.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE MOST APPROVED
ACTING COPY

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME, CAST OF THE
CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS, AND THE WHOLE OF THE
STAGE BUSINESS;

To which are added,

PROPERTIES AND DIRECTIONS, AS PERFORMED IN THE
AMERICAN THEATRES.

TURNER & FISHER,
15 NORTH SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
AND 74 CHATHAM STREET NEW YORK.

1846?

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COSTUME.

COUNT RUFFENHOFF—A rich Russian uniform coat, or fly-jacket; tight pantaloons, trimmed with silver; square cap, trimmed with white fur, platted cords and tassel, green feather; large blue cloak, trimmed with fur.

POLITZ and SERFITZ—Green uniforms; huzzar caps.

BLUSTERDOFF—Very large green old fashioned military coat, faced with white; yellow breeches; very high dragoon's cap, with the Russian eagle in front; high boots.

MRS. BLUSTERDOFF—A full scarlet gown, trimmed with white fur, and chequered in front with silver lace.

COUNT POLOSKI—A rich blue military tunic, trimmed with gold and white fur; scarlet tights; russet boots; grey fur cap, tassels, white feather; full grey cloak.

GABINSKI and ZYRENSKI—Grey tunics, trimmed with fur; fur caps, slouched, and tassels.

ROWINA—White satin frock; green velvet coat-dress, or tunic, trimmed with white fur; scarlet cap, with gold band and tassels.

MURDALE—English huzzar dress; blue military cloak.

CALVIN CARTWHEEL—Large buffalo robe; belt of twisted flax; short linsey trowsers; old fashioned white wool hat, with a "peacock's feather."

Volunteer Patriots—National uniforms.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUSSIANS.

Count Ruffenhoff—Governor of the Fortress,
 Blusterdoff—Governor by promise,
 Pelitz, ————
 Serfitz, ————
 Mrs. Blusterdoff, ————

POLES.

Count Poloski—a Polish General,
 Zyrenski—a Polish patriot, his Friend,
 Gabinski, ————
 Rowina—daughter of Poloski, ————

Nelson Murdale—an English patriot in the service
 of Poland,
 Calvin Cartwheele—a Drum-major in the Var-
 mount Militia—a Carter, and a whole team in
 the cause of Polish Freedom.

Russian Guards; Polish, American, and English Patriots.

SCENE—Poland—Russian Outposts. TIME—Polish Revolution of 1831.

1842.

PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Mills.
 " Watson.
 " Brown.
 " Murphy.
 Mrs. Judah.

Mr. McBride.
 " Johnson.
 " Young.
 Mrs. Preston.

Mr. Thoman.
 " Davenport.
 " T. Kemble.

1846.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

Mr. Lock
 " G. German.
 " Adams.

Mrs. Reid.

Mr. Rogers.
 " Wall.

Miss S. Kirby.

Mr. L. Mestayer.

" C. H. Saunders.

THE BRAZEN DRUM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A wild view near the Russian Outposts.*

Enter COUNT RUFFENHOFF, followed by POLITZ, L. H.

Ruff. (R. H.) How say you, Politz, no intelligence of the fugitives?

Poli. None, my lord, nor of their pursuers.

Ruff. Perdition! that they should have escaped! Are these foreign serfs gifted with magic power, or am I served by traitors?

Poli. Nay, my lord, doubt not the loyalty of your friends and servants, whose senses are confounded at this most wonderful escape; and who all agree that it must have been affected by the ingenuity of that shrewd and singular prisoner—the beater of the *Brazen Drum*.

Ruff. Ha! that American! that *supposed* fool, whom I now suspect to be a knave; sent here perhaps with others of his insolent tribe to aid these accursed Poles in their audacious rebellion.

Poli. Aye! and doubtless, my lord, while he entertained your highness' ear by his tales and drolleries, and gained your indulgencies, he was planning not only his own escape, but also that of your noble and beauteous captive!

Ruff. Distraction and disappointment! She, the richest, dearest trophy of our victory; whose eyes still fire my soul with passion's burning rage, and whom I hoped should bless—(Paces stage.) but hence despair! My slaves *dare* not be false—they will retake her—she *shall* be mine; and bending low within my firm grasp, repent her virtuous folly and her scorn: already have I given orders to trusty Blusterdoff to treble the reward set on them. Quick,

Politz, my horse! (*Politz crosses to R. H.*) I myself will instantly set forth in their pursuit—to-morrow's dawn shall see them in my power! She to meet my passion! he his fitting doom.

[*Exeunt R. H.*

SCENE II.—*Outside of the Russian Fortress.—c. Doors, Russian Banner above.*

Drum and trumpet march.—Enter Soldiers with several Polish prisoners, R. H. Enter from Fortress a number of Officers, Guards, &c., followed by BLUSTERDOFF, with a large sealed paper in his hand, which he displays with great pomposity. March continued until BLUSTERDOFF commences. Guards, L.—Prisoners, R.

Blust. (Vociferously.) Ahem! Silence that kettle drum, till I offer my reward for the beater of the *Brazen drum*! Booh! ahem! By the most mighty command—that is, I mean—by the advice of his most gigantic highness, the noble Count Ruffenhoff, I, Brouski Blusterdoff, *Governor* of this fortress—

1st Officer. Governor?

Blust. Aye—that is, I mean—by *promise*.

Officers. Oh!

Blust. Silence! I *command* it! By the advice—that is, I mean—by the most earnest request of the royal and redoubtable Count Ruffenhoff, I hereby offer an additional reward of 500 rubies, for the re-taking—that is, I mean—the re-capturing, re-captivating, or de-captivating of the following named fugitives! No. 1, Rowina Poloski, daughter of the famous Polish rebel of that name; she escaped from our fortress, everybody knows when, but nobody knows how; if taken with her treasures the reward will be doubled. No. 2, Calvin Cartwheel, a white-skin'd American Yankee savage—found beating the drum for the Polish rebels, and made beater of the great Brazen drum of the fortress; escaped with our Brazen drum in the most *brazen* manner—nobody knows when, and the devil knows how! No. 3, Nelson Murdale, a young and outrageous Englishman, found fighting in the Polish ranks against our most mighty Nicholas, attempted to rescue the fair Rowina; escaped by force of arms and legs—that is, I mean, he

knocked down the guard with his fist, and then run away with himself. Now, serfs, guards, and all the rest of you, you have heard the noble Count's—that is, I mean, *our* decree, and—

Enter POLITZ, hastily, L. H.

Poli. Blusterdoff, his highness—

Blust. Booh! Blusterdoff! nothing else? Slave! but what brings—that is, I mean, what means this unmannered, uncereemonious haste—speak?

Poli. The noble Count commands you to—

Blust. Commands! that is, you mean—*requests*.

Poli. His highness has resolved to join in the pursuit of the fugitives, whom he suspects are protected by a band of armed rebels, and bids you instantly attend him.

Blust. (*Pompously.*) It cannot be.

Poli. (*Sternly.*) What, sir?

Blust. That is—I mean, I must take care of the fortress.

Poli. Leave that to the officers and guards.

Blust. But, who's to take care of them?

Poli. No matter! Come, or else take care of your neck.

Blust. Oh, dear! who'll take my office? I resign.

Poli. Come, you may take one of the fugitives.

Blust. I've no such taking ways with me;—I'm afraid.

Poli. Afraid, sir!

Blust. That is, I mean, the fortress may be assaulted in my absence.

Poli. No delay! Come, sir—come, I say.

Blust. I—I know you do.—I say, Serfitz, send my strength and courage after me—that is, I mean, my brandy and assafoedita! and mind if the fortress should be attacked, see that the valor of Brouski Blusterdoff is not disgraced—that is, I mean, go bravely into it, like me, your governor! (*Aside.*) Oh, dear! I've got the pull back in all my nerves.

Poli. What, sir?

[*Snow commences falling.*]

Blust. That is, I mean, I condescend to go. Politz, lead on. [*Music—BLUST. follows POLITZ off, L. H., with affected courage. (Drum.)—The Officers and Guards march the prisoners into the Fortress.*]

SCENE III.—*A Rocky Cut Wood near the Sea Coast, touched with Snow, which continues falling through the scene.*

(*Music hurry.*) Enter NELSON MURDALE, L. U. E.

Murdale. Alas! all my hopes are vain! for three long days a lone and friendless fugitive, have I wandered—hunted by the victorious, but heartless foes of Poland and freedom, till grim despair comes glaring near, eager to prey upon my soul. Throughout the morn I've stood upon the rock that drives the dark sea back, and strained my eyes to meet the hoped-for aid, but all in vain—no sound but the ocean's sullen roar! no sight, save that of desolation! yet far more dreadful must be the lot of my Rowina—doomed in vile captivity to mourn her father's wretched fate; her country's ruin, and her lover lost to her perhaps forever! Oh, Heaven! perhaps even now within the foul tyrant's grasp, she vainly shrieks for aid and calls on death to save her from dishonor! (*CALVIN heard singing at a distance, R. U. E.*) Ah! what sound is that? Can it be a human voice, or is it but the snow-laden winds rushing through the trees! (*CALVIN again.*) Again! Heavens! 'tis the cry of man—doubtless the Russian tyrant and his minions in pursuit of me. What shall I do, fly, or surrender? Can I longer exist in hunger and suspense? Yes, Providence will befriend the patient—aid may yet come; yes, to the cavern, and for one day more hope and liberty be mine. [*Music—he runs off R. S. E.*]

Enter CALVIN, R. U. E., partially covered with snow, with the great Brazen drum on his back, singing the following:

Bounaparte, he crossed the Alps,
Thro' ice and snow quite drear, sir;
But Washington he was the one
That crossed the Delaware, sir.
Cornstalks twist your hair, &c.

Cal. Well now, if I haint jist as good as crossed both the Alps and the Delaware this very day, then my legs are not of the true Cartwheel breed, that's all. Now, poor

Miss Rowina, I guess we've got beyond the reach of them ere darned Russian Muscovy man-bears, and I reckon I can unload my cart.

Rowina. (*Within the drum.*) Quick! kind Calvin, haste.

Cal. Guess I will, Miss, be as hasty as a Varmount puddin'. [*Takes the drum from his back, places it upright on the stage, opens a sort of door in the side of it, and helps Rowina out—she is very faint.*]

Rowina. Kind noble soul, I am weak in voice and words, but believe me, for this most generous act, my heart is big with gratitude and thanks to you.

Cal. Thank ye, so am I. It's nation strange—but, by the forewheel of old Phœbus' cart, whenever I does any one a good turn, if my heart don't wag about a leetle bit faster than a brown dog's tail. But, I say, Miss, if that darn'd black bear-faced Count Ruffenhoff, counted on keepin' you, to make you jist anything he liked, he was jist as much mistaken, I kal'ate, as another wolf I recollect in Varmount, that thought he had one of our lambs, but when he grab'd it, it wan't there! He thinks himself pretty sharp, and so am I. But I say, Miss, the old woman up stairs is pickin' her geese, and as she doesn't mind who she throws her feathers on, I reckon you'd better back your cart into that 'ere drum out o' the cold, while I look around for better quarters to put up at.

Rowina. (R. H.) I fear not the storm, good Calvin, nor ought else, if I am secure from that rude monster's power; the bleakest winds that sweeps Smaratia's hills can give my heart no chill so dread as Ruffenhoff's foul touch—better that this snow should be my death-bed, shroud and grave, 'ere I be doom'd to meet a tyrant's fell embraces, or look with other eyes than those of scorn upon the desolator of poor Poland.

[*Crosses to L. H.*]

Cal. Bra-vo! so am I—darn my wheelspokes, Miss, if you aint jist about as spunky a gal, as my Continental grandmother was in our Yankee Revolution war.

Rowina. Still will I trust in Heaven! and did I but know the fate of loved Murdale, and my dear father—

Cal. So am I, Miss; but at the same time I kal'ate you needn't fear but what they're both somewheres, and a

doing somethin' to help me and you—for I jist heard 'em settle the whole bargain about that afore they parted.

Rowina. Indeed! how was it, speak, friend?

Cal. I aint no speaker, Miss, but at the same time, howsumdever, I'll jist tell you the straight and downright truth on't. You recollect, I reckon, that at the latter eend of the fight, the darned rough Russian Muscovies seized a holt upon you, and carted you off to that eternal infernal Count Roughenrough—I was beating my drum at the head on some patriots; but seein' you, it beat me so, that darn me if I could beat a single solitary stroke—my cornstalk stalk was up, and I felt jist about as savage as a *cross-cut saw*, and a leetle bit sharper; but seein' I could do nothin' alone, I jist took hold on a gun with a prong at the eend on't, and druv my way to Murdale. "Hellow," says I, "Nelson, the darn'd Muscovies are runnin' off with your gal." "Come, we'll make the villains yield her," says he; so am I, said I, and away we druv. Well, we hadn't got fur before we seen your brave old Dad, slashing away among a whole flock of Russians; "Go it, Captin'," says I—and go it he did too, clar up to the pint and handle, about as slick as a Varmounter in corn cuttin' time; but seein' there was too many for one to stand agin, me and Nelson walked into 'em—and by the forewheel of old Phœbus' cart, if we didn't lay down sich a swarth of cut-down Muscovies, as Bonyparte never seed or heard on. Away the t'others skeeted—Yermanoff, Germanoff, Whiskeroff, Chokenoff, carted themselves all off about as sudden as a flock of quails, skeered by powder lightnin', and I reckon they *did quail* to the very tarnationest.

Rowina. But my father—

Cal. Well, we've jist got to him—the old chap look'd like a sugar-maple tree tapped all round, and the sap 'gin runnin' out on him pretty considerable. Howsomdever, he was for huntin' you out right off, but seein' more Muscovies makin' arter us, Nelson tell'd him we'd *take care of you*, and got a couple o' soldiers to cart your dad off to a vessel that was jist agoin' to start off to fetch us a leetle more charcoal feed for these darned Muscovy ducks. Well, arter that you know we tried to cart you off, when a hull

flock of two-leg'd Russian bears walk'd into us, and went the hull entire swine tooth and all—they rooted up poor Nelson, but by old Samstrong, that our Bible tells on, if he didn't make their bristles, whiskers and fur fly like Varmount wild-cats in a scuffle, then I never seen nothin'; but how he got out of the scrape darn me if I can kal'ate—for I was goin' it pretty considerable strong myself. Well, jist as I was gittin' cart room, up druv two more chaps with their darned fighting scythes—by the forewheel of old Phœbus' cart, if it didn't raise my cornstalk, and make me a leetle bit fiercer than a steam saw mill. Now, said I, you all-fired, rusty Russian thieves, this is none o' your ground anyhow, and if you begin mowing about me, darn me if you don't cut up a *bumble bee's* nest; at me they come—at them I went with the prong o' my gun, in regular pitchfork fashion, and I went the complete yaller jacket, sting and all! I used one chap clean up, all but a bit of fur, and that the wind carted off; but howsomdever arter all, the darned Muscovies trip'd me, and carted me foot-foremost into their eternal, infernal black stone barn they call a fortress—that I suppose means a *she fort*; but by old Samstrong, if I didn't kick a leetle bit wickeder than my uncle Caleb's great colt the first time it was shod! Lost everything but my Varmount cartwhip—and I say, Miss, if it hadn't been that I kal'ated I mought get a chance to help you, darn me if they'd ever tuck this critter alive, no how.

Rowina. Brave, noble heart! but oh! do not, I conjure you, deceive me; tell me, do you really think Murdale and my father are alive and secure, and that we yet may meet again?

Cal. Yes, sartain—not the least bit a doubt on't, I kal'ate!—And so — (*Looking in the snow.*) Hurrah! hurrah!

Rowina. Ha! what mean you?

Cal. By the forewheel of old Phœbus' cart, if there aint the whole clear print of Murdale's boot in the snow.

Rowina. Great powers! Can it be?

Cal. I reckon it can be, when it is; why I'd take my oath on't it's his boot—I know it, it's the only regular square toe 'tween here and Boston.

Rowina. Oh! blessed hope! perhaps he may be near us.

Cal. Yes, and jist as like as not, we're near him. Now, Miss, you're too weak to foller, so jist back your cart into that 'ere brass kittle, and stop here a bit, and I'll track him jist about as slick as a Varmount fox-hound—don't be afeared, I'll jist look, and if it's like to be a long chase, I'll come back, and cart you along, brass kittle and all.

Rowina. Faithful Calvin, you will not be long absent.

Cal. Guess not—"short metre," as our parson says at home—wouldn't run the chance of loosin' you, no how; so back in. (*Music.—He puts her into the drum, and takes an old cartwhip from under his dress.*) Come out here, old relic of Varmount. (*Looks round the stage as following the track.*) Now then, my English fox, I guess I'm arter you, and ready to streak it equal to the hull clear genuine four-footed quadruped. [*He cracks his whip and runs off L. S. E.*]

Rowina. (*As he goes off.*) Heaven be his guide!

[*Retires, partially closing door of the drum.*]

Enter POLITZ, SERFITZ, and BLUSTERDOFF, R. H.

Poli. Now, Blusterdoff, here'll be a great flurry and a terrible fury, and all on account of your delay—the Count and his party have gone on before us, and we've got upon the wrong track.

Blust. To be sure we have! Booh! do I not know it, sir; (*points R.*) the right track is that way.

Poli. How?

Blust. That is, I mean, the *back track*—so let's track back. [*Going.*]

Poli. Pshaw!

Serf. (*Seeing the drum.*) Ah! look, Politz, what have we here?

Poli. By my life, it's the Brazen drum of our fortress.

Blust. Let me examine—(*goes up fearfully*) by St. Nicholas, I was right, it is the Brazen drum. I'm Governor of the fortress, my fortune's made.

Poli. & Serf. Your fortune?

Blust. That is, I mean—our diligence shall be rewarded! Bring it down lads. [*Music.—As they bend to take hold of drum they see tracks in the snow.*]

Serf. Ah! see! here are the foot-prints of a man.

Poli. Yes, and of a woman! Huzza! Come, this way, follow! the 500 rubies are ours.

Blust. Yes, bnt I say, lads you know—that is, I mean, these tracks may lead to the devil knows where; so let's content ourselves for the present, with capturing the Brazen drum.

Poli. I don't mean that we three are able to take them, but I'll bet my two pistols against your costly dagger, that I'll discover them in fifteen minutes.

Blust. Agreed! there's my dagger. (*Throws it on the head of the drum.—Aside.*) I can remain here—get half the rubles and none of the trouble.

Poli. And there are my pistols.

[*Throws them on he drum.*]

Blust. But I say, fellows—that is, I mean, friends.

Poli. & Serf. What?

[*Coming down.*]

Blust. (*Mysteriously.*) Do you know that I have long thought—that is, I mean, I have most profoundly suspected that there is something horribly bad about that drum.

Poli. & Serf. Indeed!

Poli. Well, there is something *bass* about it.

Blust. Right, right! that is, I mean *base*.

Serf. Well, but how?

Blust. Something most marvellously—mysteriously—damnably mischievous.

Poli. & Serf. No!

Blust. Yes, I'll tell you—at the same time keep your eyes about:—one night in the guard-room of the fortress, at about ten minutes before twelve o'clock—that is, I mean near midnight—mind that—*midnight*, when Calvin the brazen beater, and all were lock'd up in the room, and lock'd in sleep—Mrs. Blusterdoff slipt to me from the Countess' table, a most plump and splendid barbacued duck—sent by the Countess of course; well I placed it on the head of the drum, and just turned to sharpen my knife upon a fork, when suddenly the drum gave a most deep and hollow *bang*! I turned round, and by St. Nicholas, the duck was gone.

Both. Gone !

[*Music.*—Here ROWINA, who has been watching an opportunity, is seen to take the pistols and dagger from the head of the drum—she looks at the priming—she is about to depart, but hearing voices outside, retires.

Blust. Yes, gone ! that is, I mean, it was not there.

[Here all turn towards drum, and start in astonishment at seeing their weapons are gone.

Poli. Blow me, if my pistols are there !

Blust. Damn me, if my dagger's there !

[Here ROWINA, in her alarm, strikes head of the drum with one of the pistols within.—Chord.

Blust. The devil's in the drum ! I'll plunge my—that is, I mean, Politz thrust your sword into it.

[*Music.*—POLITZ and SERFITZ draw their swords and rush up—BLUSTERDOFF stands trembling ; as they are about to thrust their swords into the head of the drum, ROWINA darts out, holding a pistol in each hand, which she levels at them—they retreat a few steps.

Blust. St. Nicholas ! behold, Rowina, the captive !

Rowina. Coward slave ! 'tis false ! Rowina's no captive while she can grasp a weapon to pierce the heart of a tyrant's minion.

Blust. Officers, seize her !

Rowina. Aye—dare but to move ! my hands are firm as my purpose—and a single motion seals my freedom, and your doom ! Come on, which is the cur will die to serve a tyrant-master—an oppressor of the innocent ! Do you fear ? Then depart, cowards, or die this instant.

[*Music.*—She advances—they retreat to R. E.

Blust. Politz, what do you think of the back-track ?

Calvin. (Without, L H) Go it, Miss—go it, gal—Nelson's comin'—I'm a comin' !

[He enters, whip in hand, and commences striking BLUSTERDOFF and the rest over their backs, while ROWINA advances, holding the pistols to their faces.

Cat. Gee off ! abscamperate ! you darned black bear-faced Muscovies—you aint a half a team for this critter, no how ! get off—or by the forewheel of old Phœbus' cart, I'll make you sprawl about like unshod horses, gettin' up an ice hill—a hull regiment aint a team for me.

[*Music.*—During this action, MURDALE rushes on unarmed, exclaiming,

Rowina! Rowina!—Ah! the Russian tyrant's wolves! Oh! Heaven! for a sword!

[SERFITZ, seeing he's unarmed, rushes across to stab him—CALVIN turns.

Cal. Woy! I guess you don't!

[He strikes him across the hand with his whip, which causes him to let the sword fall—he draws a dirk, but CALVIN beats him off R. with whip—meanwhile MURDALE picks up the sword, and makes at BLUST. and POLITZ—CALVIN joins in with his whip, till they are beaten off, R. H.

Murdale. (To ROWINA.) Fly, fly! leave the tyrant's curs to me! Fly, fly, Rowina!

[ROWINA throws down the pistols, and rushes into MURDALE's arms, exclaiming, "My love! my soldier!" CALVIN cracks his whip over them with an air of joy, giving a loud crow or hurrah!

Mur. Rowina! my loved, heroic girl!—here safe—safe within my arms! Speak, to whom am I indebted for this extacy of unexpected joy!

Rowina. (Pointing to CALVIN.) To him—the truest, noblest friend adversity 'ere met—oh! I cannot speak his—

Cal. (Interrupting her.) There now, Miss—there, I'm afraid you're a pourin' on it out a leetle too strong; by the forewheel of old Phœbus' cart, if my eyes aint a sweatin' like a Boston truck-horse in the month o' June.

Mur. Honest Calvin. I am too full for words; but trust me, your friendship shall not pass unrewarded—for the present I can only thank you.

Cal. Thank ye! so am I—do you know now, I kal'ate as how that sort o' reward is a darned sight better than any other.

Mur. Indeed!

Cal. Yes; for your money only goes into one's pocket; now that 'ere goes right clear into a body's heart—and you're sure o' never loosin' it. But I say, didn't I track you out a leetle too slick; and didn't we drive ahead of that darned rusty Count Ruffenrough and his dogs, a leetle too smart? didn't we drive off that darned powder.

horn'd-nosed Blusterdoff and his gang, as slick as a team; and didn't Miss, here, pint them two little shootin' whips into their darned faces, jist about equal to a gal from down East? She's all *Pole*—a regular *Liberty-pole*, cap and all! But, I say, Nelson, I should jist like to know now, how you're been doin' for pork and beans these four days?

Mur. Noble Calvin, I'll soon relate you all.

Rowina. But, dear Nelson, my father—speak! what of my poor father? If he be safe,—even in these wilds, I am happy, blest with you.

Mur. The brave old man is safe, I trust, Rowina, on board an American vessel, now upon the coast, that comes to bring us aid, or bear us to a land where the Russian despot dares not seek us, or tyrants trample upon innocence and liberty.

Cal. Hurra! for Uncle Sam, and grandad, John Bull.

Mur. But say, dear Rowina, will you fly with me to England! Can you leave your country?

Rowina. Alas! I have now no country! the tyrant's triumph, and Poland is my home no more.

Mur. Nay, do not weep—come cheer up, dear forlorn maid, unsullied joys will yet smile on our lot; within a few steps, there's a convenient cavern, furnished with fire and food—three nights I've slept within it's rocky walls, 'twill shelter us in safety till the friendly vessel gains the shore—restores your noble father to your arms, and bears us to a land of peace and freedom! Come, Rowina.

Rowina. Dear, gallant youth, lead on! o'er the earth or ocean, will I follow you. [*MURDALE leads her down c.*]

Cal. (*At drum, R. C.—having picked up pistols and taking up drum.*) Yes, and so am I—over airth and ocean, on the water or in the water, darn me if Calvin doesn't stick to you both, like a two-inch iron hoop to a cartwheel.

[*MURDALE leads ROWINA out, L. H.—CALVIN, who has taken up the drum, marches after, singing the following and beating time upon the drum.*]

“Hail Columby! happy land,

The Russian hogs may all be d—d. Tol!ol, &c.

SCENE IV.—*A Front Wood.*

Ruffenhoff. (*Without, R. H.*) What ho! Politz! Serfitz—Blusterdoff!

He enters, R., followed by four Guards, and FIRST OFFICER, who range across stage.

Ruf. Confusion! to have been within pistol shot of two of the fugitives, and yet not capture them. Somewhere within this wood their lurking place must be—and by my hatred for these accursed slaves, and by the deep and sweet revenge I hope for, I'll not relinquish the pursuit till they are once more within my power, though hell and darkness gather round my footsteps. But where can Blusterdoff and his companions loiter?

Officer. Perhaps, my lord, they may have returned to the fortress.

Ruf. Returned! slave! impossible! they dare not return—they know me—fear me, and feel that at the peril of their lives they dare not move but as my voice commands. But, pshaw! in my rage, I loose both time and vengeance! Lead on, sir—(*Officer takes Guards to L. H.*) and search while there is light to move by. (*Exeunt Officer and Guards, L. H.*) What ho! Politz! Blusterdoff! villains! slaves! where are ye? [*Exit, L. H.*

SCENE V.—*Interior of a Cavern.—Set steps leading to an arched doorway L. H. 4th E.—a fire in c. made of sticks—a rude table L. C.*

Music.—MURDALE appears on the steps, conducting ROWINA.

Mur. This way, Rowina, do not fear, love!

[*They descend to slow music.*

Rowina. Alas! I have heard my father speak of this retreat, in which his patriot sires were wont to conceal their wives, to save them from the violence of over-powering oppressors. Oh! hapless Poland! is this thy patriots fate—thy daughter's home?

Mur. Yes, Rowina, oppressors may conquer—still does the chainless patriot triumph in his soul! though his bed

B

be rudest rock—though scant and coarse his fare—he feels a joy ne'er tasted by the tyrant, to rise or rest unbidden by a master—and break his food with an unshackled hand!

[Goes up to fire.

Calvin. (On steps.) Hurra! So am I. (Comes down singing—looks around.) Well, darn me, if this is such a darnation bad lookin' cellar arter all. (Puts the drum near the fire—sits on the side of it, and commences warming his hands and feet.) Purty considerable majority o' young stones about, a leetle too big though to chuck at these allfired rustycrats—guess I'll break one on 'em up for that 'ere 'dential purpose. But, I say, Miss, I reckon your leetle hands and toes must be near about as cold as old Granny Grampy's feet—they were so allstormin' eternally cold, that they turned a cake of ice all geese flesh; so jist you and Nelson take a seat and sit down on this 'ere brass kittle—while I examine into the interior parts of this mystifferous buildin'.

[Lifts drum to them.

Rowina. Kind heart!

Mur. Thank you, Calvin!

[They set.

Cal. So am I. [Looks about, and goes off L. S. E.—*MURDALE* brings some coarse eatables from the inner cave, L. U. E., and places them on a rude table near the fire.

Mur. Here, Rowina, is something that will allay our hunger, and refresh us—'twas brought here but a moment ere I was found by Calvin, by some friendly priest, who refused to tell his name, or his abode.

Rowina. Indeed! then Heaven is with us still.

Mur. Hoa! Calvin!

Cal. I'm about, I guess! (Enters with sticks of wood.) I've jist gathered a leetle timber, and I'll make the fire blaze like a Varmount hearth on a Christmas eve. I tried to find the t'other eend o' this here nat'ral cellar kitchen; but darn me, if it don't turn round and round a leetle bit shorter than a Russian pig's tail, and I believe it's got no more of an eend than a round piece o' nothin'; I was jist kal'atin' what an allfired fine cider cellar it mought make.

Mur. Come, comrade, partake of our rude meal.

Cal. Guess I will—any sort o' meal; though I'd rather have a leetle Indian; but jist look here—guess I warn't goin' a travellin' without kal'atin' ahead a leetle.

[Takes out bread, cakes, cheese, sausages, dried meats, &c., from his pocket, and throws them on the table, lastly a wine bottle or two.

Both. Why Calvin!

Mur. But say, friend, how and where did you obtain all this?

Cal. Now wan't I rather fix'd out for a journey—that's only a leetle of my plunderations from old Belly-ache Blusterdoff; so, now, jist take and put a leetle o' this (*gives brandy.*) in the hub of your wheels.

Mur. You're a noble fellow, Calvin; but tell me, friend, how in the name of Heaven, did you contrive to escape from that fortress, and with Rowina.

Cal. (*Fixing by table.*) Well, now, I'll jist take and tell you the hull, straight plainification, and roundaboutation on it! Well, you see as how the darned Muscovies shet me up in an allfired queer sort of a garret room, where they keep this 'ere big brass kittle to raise the neighborhood with, and left me a bit to my own kal'ations. There I was nicely trip'd, though I felt a considerable *smartness* all over; then I begin to get all stormin' mad, and I really believe that with a leetle taller on my head, I mought ha' swallowed myself; so I kal'ated that if I could only git my cornstalk a leetle further up, I mought back my cart agin the darned stable door and break it open. So I took out my cartwhip, pulled off my coat, and begun lickin' myself; but it wan't the thing; I next went to work upon this 'ere brass kittle, and I beat Yankee Doodle at sich an allstormin' rate, as you haint heer'd me do since we left Boston; in come old Ruffenough and the rest of the Russian dogs; and by the forewheel of old Phœbus' cart, if they wan't all nearly ready to dance; darn me if I didn't charm them 'ere Muscovies with this 'ere kittle jist about as slick as the Varmount gals charm bees, by beatin' the fryin' pan; they promoted me right off to be beater of the great drum. Finally, I crawled clear into their affections, like a black-snake into a stone fence; but how in the deuce I did it, I don't know, for I was jist about as sassy, as old maid Crumpy's dog; that when he couldn't see anything else he'd turn around and

bark at his tail. Well, they tell'd me that arter a day or so, they was goin' to have a sort o' trainin' outside o' the house, and that I mought go out and 'stonish the great rustycrats with my beatin' on the *Brazen drum*—and I guess I did 'stonish 'em a leetle too slick, for I beat a retreat instantlerly the moment I got out; that same night, while all was snorin' away, a young and slick Muscovy gal showed me a way that tuck me right into Miss Rowina's room. Tarnation fine gal that, her hair curls as slick as a cedar shavin', and it's about as soft as corn-silk. Well, arter that, I kal'ated on a plan that mought git us both out as snug as a leetle sharpened wind; thinks I, I'll jist take and make a door in that 'ere drum, and when they let me out to the trainin' I'll put Miss Rowina into it, and cart her clear off. So I stole a darn sharp fightin' scythe from one of the sleepy Muscovies, and with a bit of a file I found, I made a sort o' saw on't. Well, the next night they all happened to be in a regular tetotally drunken sleep, and was snorin' away like used-up cart-horses; then the way I made my patent saw walk into that drum was about equal to a little steam-mill; but arter a bit the darned queer noise it made waked a couple on 'em up—I jist come the possum; laid right straight down, and tried to snore like the noise my saw made; and tarnation well I did it. “D—n that Yankee,” says one—“What a queer snore he's got,” says t'other,—so I jist spread it on a leetle thinner till they got to sleep agin, and I began sawin' agin! Well, the next night I got the drum all fixed; I druv into Miss' room, slip'd her into it, and carted her into our garret so slick that she hardly know'd it herself; and by old Samstrong, before mornin' come, there I set on the drum head whistlin' Yankee Doodle; not a single solitary Muscovy reckon'd what I'd been doin'; but by the giant Goligy, didn't I feel 'bout as ticklish as a young colt whenever any on 'em come near the drum? Well, as soon as daylight begun to streak in, I got ready to streak out; arter bit up comes old Bluster—and ordered me to strike up the Brazen drum; that in course I didn't agree to no how, and I was rather afraid it mought have a suspicious sound; the

darned old dog shook his fightin' scythe at me; I felt my cornstalk beginnin' to rise, but seein' that would do no good, I give 'em a double rattle on the little drum, and made the Muscovies stare agin; jist then we were all ordered out; the doors and gate was throwed open—I slung the big kittle on my back, and down we marched to slow time, but all the while I heer'd Rowina's heart beatin' quick time inside. Well, jist as we got into the yard, old Count Roughenough seen that Rowina was *not* to be seen, an' he did kick up an allstormin' noise, an' called all the Muscovies up agin—up stairs they flew—out o' the gate I flew, a leetle faster than a sky-rocket skeered by lightning. Well, I hadn't got over about twenty paces, 'fore I seed one of their sentinel's eye on me—he told me to stand, but I wouldn't stand it, no how; jist as he was goin' to shoot, I sent a snow-ball right into the primin' of his gun; he pulled, but it wouldn't go off; so I pushed on—he turned arter me; says he, "Stop, you slave—you Yankee," says I, "you lie, I'm a Russian," an' I reckon I was, for if I didn't rush out o' his sight about as quick as a streak of *Elexandertricity*, then I don't know anything about it.

Mur. Brave and noble comrade, may Heaven so will it that we, whose lives you have thus far saved, may yet possess the means to requite such generous friendship!

[*A gun is fired. L. H. U. E.—MURDALE starts—ROWINA shrieks and clings to him—CALVIN runs to steps.*]

Mur. (*Grasping a sword.*) Ha! that shot was within the cavern's mouth, what can it mean?

Cal. Maybe them eternal Muscovies have track'd us—jist let 'em come, and darn me if I don't bury them in this cellar without a bone-box.

Rowina. Great Heaven! what new terrors await us?

Cal. (*At steps.*) I smell the devil! a regular Russian devil! (*Pulls out his pistols.*) Let 'em come, darn me if I don't give 'em a dose of their own pills.

Music.—*POLITZ appears on steps with two Guards, bearing torches.*

Poli. Behold! we have them—how! armed—villains!

in the name of Count Ruffenhoff, I command you to surrender.

Cal. Sir—who d'ye say?

Mur. Surrender to a murderous tyrant—never! villain, never!

Cal. Right, Nelson, so am I! now, you blood-huntin' tyrant's weazel, you've got my cornstalk up, so jist back your cart out o' here instanterly, or by the forewheel of old Phœbus' cart, I'll set these two little mad dogs upon you, and you'll get the hydrophoby at sich an allstormin' rate, that it'll make you bite a hole in the ground big enough to bury you, fur and all.

Poli. Guards, advance and seize them. [*Beckons guards.*]

Cal. (*Pointing pistols.*) Towser seize 'em! (*He fires—one falls.*) Now, bite away—there's a tooth-pick for you.
[*Throws a club at him.*]

Music hurry.—COUNT RUFFENHOFF *Enters, followed by* BLUSTERDOFF, SERFITZ, *and Guards.*—CALVIN *seizes a brand from fire*—ROWINA *still clings to* MURDALE, *who stands ready to strike the first who advances.*

Ruf. Now, accursed rebel slaves, surrender! or this instant die.

Mur. Villain, I'll not surrender! nor die, till the earth I fall on, has drunk your tyrant blood!

Cal. Hurra! some am I.—I'll walk into you like the man with the poker; (*advances with red hot poker.*) and the way I'll make you snort, will be equal to a red-hot steam ingine a drownin'.

Ruf. Guards, seize them—while I secure the maid.

Rowina. (*Drawing a dagger.*) Inhuman wretch! behold this dagger—approach me, and it shall reach your heart or my own.

Cal. Go it, Miss!

Blust. Oh! murderous plunder!—that is, I mean, plunderous murder! Steal my dagger to steal the Count's life with.

Ruf. Slaves! do you fear—seize and bind the rebels.

[*They advance.*]

Cal. Then darn me if some on you shan't go to the devil, jist about as nicely toasted as a slice o' bread in a meltin' furnace.

[*Music.*—*CALVIN runs at BLUST, and the Guards with the poker—they run about hollowing.*—*MURDALE, grasping ROWINA's hand, fights with RUFFENHOFF and POLITZ—he is finally secured, and beat down L. C., by the aid of SERFITZ and the Guards*—*RUFFENHOFF attempts to seize ROWINA—she keeps him off with the dagger, C.*—*CALVIN is overpowered and dragged R. C., by Guards.*

Cal. Nelson, we're trip't—but darn me if I'm used up!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea Coast—Ships at distance—set waves for bringing on Skiff.*—*TIME, Daybreak.*

ZYRENSKI, an old Polish Patriot, and two Soldiers gazing off, R. U. E.

Zyren. 'Tis clearly dawn, and no trace of our cloud skiff! what can have happened? alas! I tremble for the safety of the brave old Count Poloski, and for our American and English friends, who accompanied him. Should an unlucky wind have driven them too near the Russian fortress, discovery and death awaits them. The noble Count would go at all hazards hoping to gain some intelligence of his daughter. Friends, look you again—my eyes are weak with age and grief.

Gabinski. Ah! look—they come; the Count unfurls his flag; and see—he waves it—they are here.

Music.—*The Cloud Skiff, with blue sails, comes on R. H., bearing COUNT POLOSKI, with the Polish flag in his hand—three American and three English Patriots, one of each three with a small National flag in his hand—they cheer as skiff comes on; all get ashore and come down, POLOSKI in c.*

Zyren. (Greeting him.) Safe, my noble chief!

Polos. Yes, thus far safe, old friend; and a lucky chance it is that we are so, for the wind drove us almost underneath the very windows of the fortress; but thanks to Heaven and the darkness, the tyrant's sleepy mastiffs mistook the sails of our skiff for a cloud that often gathers there; we not only escaped unsuspected but received intelligence of my child and our captive friends.

Zyren. & Gabin. Indeed!

Polos. (Taking out a paper.) This paper, tied to a band of straw, was thrown to us from a grated window by Calvin, the faithful American.

Zyren. Read, my lord.

Polos. (Reads.) "Dear Ginerál, I'm about; a leetle afore day the Muscovies look'd out and said they saw a great blue cloud; I look'd out and seen you in your cloudy boat, and directly writ these few lines, and tied 'em to a bit of my bed. Miss Rowina, Murdale, and me, are all here tight enough; but I've kal'ated on a plan to git us all loose—there's an iron door that opens on the water side o' this barn, that I'm agoin to work at; so jist cart your skiff this way every mornin' about daybreak—and when you hear *three of my rolls on the Brazen drum*, jist back up against the wall, and you shall cart off Miss Rowina, Murdale, and yours eternally, *Calvin Cartwheel.*"

Zyren. Oh! happy tidings; they may yet be saved!

Polos. Aye, these gallant friends have sworn to aid us to the very last in their rescue; we'll venture in the foul tyrant's face; aye, beneath his very guns, and save them, or bravely sink together.

Omnes. We will! we will!

Polos. Let but success attend this single enterprise, and then, oh! my native land—dear, lost, ill-fated Poland, we must part forever!

Zyren. Leave our country, noble Count, our lands?

Polos. Aye, Zyrenski ! "our lands" indeed ! no foot of Polish earth is now our own ; the tyrants claim it all, and e'en our very lives ! Then what is left for us to gain or hope for ? Have not we in three successive struggles, vainly contended for the ancient rights and liberties of Poland—have we not seen our lands divided and our authorities usurped by the combined despots of Russia, Germany and Prussia ? Have we not seen our Constitution trampled to the earth ; its sage founders denounced and chained by a *female* despot, a shameless royal *hawk* ? Have we not seen the streets of Praga strewed, nay, *piled* with the gory corpses of our fathers, mothers, sisters, and their unoffending offspring—butchered by the fell Suwarrow ? In short, have we not seen Rusciosko leave his country in despair ; our dearest relatives yoked like brutes together and driven to dread Siberia ? What then has Poland left for us, or we for her ? despair and desolation ! then why should we remain ? our blood would not be a drop in the great sea of gore that our oppressors thirst for ! Come, brave friends, to our retreat, and patiently await another dawn ; till then your good old patriotic songs will cheer and beguile the slow-winged hours. Come, old friend, (*to ZYREN.*) we soon shall seek a land of peace.

Zyren. I still will follow you ; and yet to be a wandering exile at my years.

Polos. When hope of liberty is gone in his native land, the patriot becomes worse than an exile—the *slave* of his oppressors.

[*Music.*—*Exeunt* POLOSKI and ZYRENSKI, R. H. followed by the rest.]

SCENE II.—An Apartment in the Fortress, 2 G.

Calvin. (*Without*, L. H.) Well, but I tell you now, I won't be hurried.

Enters L. following BLUSTERDOFF.

Blust. Booh ! you won't ? you won't ?

Cal. No I won't, for all the eternal Russian bores 'tween here and old Nick, your daddy.

Blust. Nick! villain! by my office, this is—that is, you mean, mighty Nicholas.

Cal. No! I don't, now—I mean the t'oth'r devil, down below. I say, now, old Bluster, you'll find a terrible change in the weather when you get there; I kal'ate, that 'ere round-shouldered nose o' your'n will be a tarnation sight redder than it is now.

Blust. Booh! what, slave—damnation! my round-shouldered nose? that is you mean—in-tel-lec-tu-al nose.

Cal. Outlets of brandy! Ha! ha! ha! (*Looks at his nose.*) ha! ha! well now, by the forewheel of Phœbus' cart, if that 'ere face-prong o' yourn, aint jist about as slick a pattern of a Varmount waggoner's grease horn, painted red, as ever could be thought on—I never seen but one human critter with such a cart-elagenous hook; an' that would ha' been the death on him only for me.

Blust. Eh! what? the death of him—how, slave?

Cal. Would you like to know?

Blust. Booh! that is, I mean, yes.

Cal. Well then, my name aint slave, no how—I'm called Calvin to hum—I won't be christened slave, no how—so you and me won't gee.

Blust. Booh! how? (*Aside.*) I'll condescend to humor him. Ras—that is, I mean, Calvin!

Cal. Oh, very well! considerably well for a Russian bore! Well, this chap's nose I was goin' to tell you on, you see, in jumpin' out of a waggon one day, he caught that owl's-bill nose o' his right in one of the button holes of his coat, and by the forewheel of old Phœbus' cart, if there he didn't hang by it, and there he would ha' hung till now, if I hadn't cut him loose.

Blust. But—ahem! but, sir, stop a moment—(*meditates profoundly*) that is, I mean, I am one who cannot be imposed on—hark ye, (*goes to him.*) if that man's nose was so infernally large, how large was the button-hole of his coat? tell me that.

Cal. How large?

Blust. Yes—that is, I mean, how big was it?

Cal. Well, I reckon, takin' it up and down, and all round, it mought ha' been a leetle larger than his nose.

Blust. Oh! then if that's the case, I'll not pretend to doubt it. But, come, my Yankee, you must back to your quarters. Booh! march! I *command* it.

Cal. But I say, now, old Bluster, you needn't be in sich an allstormin' hurry, I kal'ate.

Blust. What? Booh! you ought to thank me, didn't I condescend to take you out in the air?

Cal. Well now you needn't take sich airs on yourself, if you did; your air aint nothin' to brag on, anyhow, that you must deal it out to a body by the mouthfuls. But, I say, who's little room is that in yonder, (*points L.*) with all them keys hanging about it?

Blust. Booh! mine—that is I mean, by deputy.

Cal. You don't try to make me b'lieve, do you, that you make use of all them 'ere keys?

Blust. Booh, sir! yes, every one of them.

Cal. Darn me if I kal'ate you can make any sort o' use of that 'ere allfired big one yonder.

Blust. Booh! why not, sir?

Cal. Darn me if it aint big enough to unlock a Rhinoceros' mouth in the lock-jaw—can't hardly swaller that, no how.

Blust. Booh, sir! have you got the rebellious audacity—that is, I mean, dare you to presume to think, sir, that I, Brouski Blusterdoff, would say what is not true, sir? We *can* use it, sir—we *have* used it, sir—we *do* use it, and *will* use it, sir—and mind—that is, I mean, take care that it is not used for you, sir.

Cal. Now I kal'ate you need't git your cornstalk so tarnally up about it; if you *do* want to make a body b'lieve you use it, why the nation don't you tell how at once, now.

Blust. Well—that is, I mean, there is some reason in that. Well, (*softly*) that *great* key—but I must tell you in a low key.

Cal. Well, it don't matter, I reckon, whether it's a high or low key—so jist you drive on and unlock the whole affair.

Blust. Well, then, in a *low* key—that is, I mean, *secretly*, I shall astonish, convince, petrify and warn you.

Cal. You said you would.

Blust. Listen! you know that at the outside—that is, I mean, the exterior wall of your apartment, *there is a sea.*

Cal. Yes, I see there is.

Blust. Well, in that wall there is a secret door that opens to that sea.

Cal. Opens to the sea—I'd like to see it open—but you don't let the sea in, I reckon.

Blust. Booh, sir! don't interrupt me, sir.

Cal. Oh, I wouldn't, no how—but I reckon as how, you don't mean to say you ever open that door you're jist about tellin' on, do you, now, for a sartain, eh?

Blust. Booh, sir! we do, sir, and that great key unlocks that secret door.

Cal. No, you don't tell—well, by the forewheel of Phœbus' cart, if this 'ere great stone jug o' yourn aint about as mystifferous as my uncle Calvin's cow stable, that had sich a tarnal sight o' doors in it, that the wind didn't know which one to come in at.

Blust. But that is not all, sir—that is, I mean, the most dreadful, doleful, woful secret is to come.

Cal. No, now is it—well, drive on, an' relate it right off instantlerly, now do.

Blust. Now listen—whenever a prisoner goes to become outrageous or disobedient to our—that is, I mean, *my* orders, he is bound, taken to that same secret door, and cast into the sea—the sea carries him under a part of the fortress, and he is never again heard of; so now take warning.

[*Pompously.*]

Cal. Never heerd on? well, now, I kal'ate you hardly expect one to come back, arter sarvin' him sich an all-fired nasty trick as that 'ere; that's about equal to the way they sarve some folks in some parts o' my country.

Blust. Eh! how's that—how's that?

Cal. Oh, they jist take and cart 'em out into a field, sing a hull grist o' pitiful psalms to 'em, and very pitifully take a rope and choke 'em to death.

Blust. What barbarous savages; but come—that is, I mean, go, sir!

Cal. Go where?

Blust. To your quarters, sir—booh, march—I command it.

Cal. What an allstormin' loud way you've got o' given the word o' command; I say, you never heerd tell o' Col. Pluck any way, did you. (*During this speech he gets towards L. H., as endeavoring to examine the keys.*) If I could jist pocket that key now, on my road.

Blust. Go, sir—remember—that is, I mean, think of that door, the great key, sir.

Cal. That's jist what I was thinkin' on; (*aside.*) 'twould save a hull grist o' sawin', for out o' this we must go, in spite of old Nick, or his son, Nicholas.

Blust. Booh, sir! well you obey me—think of that key.

Cal. I do—darn me if I can get it out o' my mind!
[*Here he perceives a large paper in BLUSTERDOFF'S pocket—while BLUST. is swaggering, and ordering him off, with "Go, sir—come, sir, &c."*—CALVIN slips it out of his pocket, and throws it off L. H.

Blust. What are you looking at, sir—ahem?

Cal. Me? oh, jist lookin' at a slip o' paper on that floor in yonder, reckon may be, it mought be yourn.

Blust. Mine, eh? (*Feels his pocket.*) to be sure it is mine—that is, I mean, my last important despatches are gone out of my pocket. Zounds! mischief! how?

Cal. Never mind, I'll jist run and fetch it. (*Aside.*) Now to kill two birds with one stone, and pilferate that key.

[*Exit CALVIN, L. H.*

Blust Quick, quick! St. Nicholas! I wouldn't loose that for a hundred rubles.

Re-enter CALVIN, with a paper in one hand, and a large key and two smaller ones in the other, which he conceals.

Cal. Guess I was about right in my kal'ations, warn't I?
[*Gives paper to BLUST., at the same time exulting aside.*

Blust. I thought I was right—that is, I mean, I knew it was gone.

Cal. That is, you mean, arter I told you.

Blust. Yes—that is, after I discovered it; but zounds! I can't think how I left it.

Cal. Oh, jist as like as not it left you.

Blust. But it had to come back to me, like you—do you take? ha! ha! ha! but come, you can't get away again! you'll keep them in your mind—the big key—the secret door—the sea, eh? ha! ha!

Cal. Yes—(*aside.*) and in my pocket, too. (*Aloud.*) I'm sartain sure not to forget *them*.

Blust. Ha, ha, ha! a warning—that is, I mean, 'twas develish lucky for you, I was so kind as to tell you about them, wasn't it?

Cal. Well now, I rather kal'ate it was, for the way I'll recollect about that key and that 'ere door, will surprise you about equal to my runnin' away.

Blust. March! ha, ha, ha!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Blust. Booh, sir! go, mind the key, the door—march.

Cal. Oh, guess I will now—jist in the right key for goin' into complete burglary. [*Exit followed by BLUST. R. H.*]

Enter COUNT RUFFENHOFF, followed by POLITZ, L. H.

Ruf. So then, this Murdale—this vile English prisoner, still refuses to disclose the lurking place of the bold rebel Poloski.

Poli. He does, my lord; and when I informed him that a dreadful death awaited his refusal, he gave us nought but words of insolent defiance.

Ruf. Enough! another day, by hell, he shall not breathe; but what says the American?

Poli. He thus far has avaded our interrogations, yet says we shall know all the particulars concerning Poloski by to-morrow.

Ruf. Till then let *him* be spared! The night grows late—quick, Politz, go you and see that daring English traitor securely bound, and let the morning drum be your signal to cast his rebel carcase to the sea—away!

Poli. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exit R. H.*]

Ruf. Yes, I have spared the slave too long! the beauteous Rowina still contemns and scorns me, and doubts draws her courage from a hope that her lover is still near her, and may yet save her—that hope shall be destroyed by his death, and leave the proud maiden to despair and me.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the back part of the Fortress—both sides closed in—on one side of the flat a Grated Window—in c. a large Iron Door, with a ponderous Lock to work so as to be heard by the audience—on L. c. is the Brazen Drum.—A Lamp is suspended from the ceiling.*

CALVIN *Enters R. D., followed by BLUST.*

Cal. Softly and civilly old Buster, if you please, and if you don't please, I won't be druv off my independent gait, no sort a how. (*They come down in front.*) I'm a true reg'lar bred Yankee, and they're a sort o' chaps that will go their own gait if the devil *does* drive—so jist take and behave yourself like a man, 'cause you mought set me a kickin', and if you do, I'll knock that 'ere brandy horn o' your'ne so fur in, that it'll take a six horse team to draw it out agin.

Blust. (*In a rage.*) Brooh, sir! remember—that is, I mean, think of that key, and that lock yonder—(*points to D. F.*) beware that lock, sir—beware!

[*Advances to seize him.*

Cal. You jist stop your lock-jaw, will you, or by the forewheel of Phœbus' cart, I'll peel you like an ingun.

[*Coming up to him.*

Blust. Come, sir—none of your familiarities—that is, I mean, keep off! What hoa! Politz, Serfitz!

Cal. Yes, call your dogs—I'll give you *surfeits* enough.

Enter POLITZ and SERFITZ at door.—**CALVIN** *pulls off his coat.*

Now jist come on, you allfired boar-faced varments, and darn me if I don't send you out o' that 'ere door about as soon as a hurricane would so many cornstalks.

Blust. Away with him to the dungeon.

[*They advance and take hold of CALVIN.*

Cal. Darn me if some on you won't have to go to old Barebone's dungeon first then.

[*Music.*—**CALVIN** *kicks or knocks down POLITZ and SERF. who hollo loudly—he then makes a blow at BLUST., who is at door, and MRS. BLUST. entering suddenly, receives the blow in her stomach—she falls in CALVIN's arms, and shrieks long and loudly—all run to assist her.*

Blust. Murder ! murder ! Mutiny and assassination !

Cal. (*Shaking her.*) Jalap—steam—a dose of No. 6.

Mrs. B. Oh ! oh ! (*Very loud.*) my voice is gone, and I'm gone !—you Blusterdoff, how do you think I can faint in this position ? get me an arm chair, sir—quick, an arm chair !

Blust. That is, you mean, your fainting chair.

[*BLUST. and SERV. bring her arm chair in c. d.*

Blust. There, ducky ! [*They place her in a chair—BLUST. pulls out a vial, and is about applying it to her mouth.*

Cal. Oh, pooh ! darn your nastifutity ! (*Pulls out a flask.*) I jist felt the pulse of her nose, and kal'ate this is her physic—equal to New England—jist buss that, ma'am.

[*Puts flask to her mouth—she takes a large drink.*

Mrs. B. (*Aside.*) How polite he is ; why bless me, that tastes very strongly of my cupboard.

Cal. Wan't I right ? but ma'am, I guess your cupboard must be lined with *equa-vitae*.

Blust. You Yankee villain ! you've insulted—that is, I mean, assaulted my wife—assaulted my officers—and even *me*, and now prepare for the most dreadful punishment, sir.

Mrs. B. More punishment ; Brouski, I forbid it—the young man only hit me by mistake.

Cal. You're right, ma'am, and no mistake, and as for the t'others, meanin' them 'ere darned stone-coal-faced varments, they begun the assault, and I only give 'em a leetle of my bone battery.

Poli. You shall pay for this ! [*Going.*

Cal. I kal'ate I will ! if I don't pay the hull on ye, then the devil won't git his due, that's all. Why you eternal wolves, it's only a few days ago, since you drag'd me, Nelson, and that poor brave gal from that cellar in the woods, like so many wild hogs—didn't you then put your darned rusty iron yokes and hopples on me ?

Blust. Yes, and didn't you keep the whole fortress awake all night, by dancing in them, till we were obliged to take them off.

Cal. If I don't pay you for the hull of that then take my fingers for harrow teeth, that's all.

Blust. Brooh, sir! I'll—that is, I mean—I—

Mrs. B. Brouski, I forbid it—but quick, go instantly to the count, he ordered me to send all three of you to him, immediately; go, I'll follow as soon as I regain my spirits.

Blust. But the pris—

Mrs. B. Go, sir!

Cal. (*Aside.*) Go it, old gal! go it, I say.

Blust. That is, I mean—the—Yankee savage.

Mrs. B. I forbid it. [*Urges BLUST. and the rest off at D.*

Cal. Ha! ha! ha! oh, I say, now ma'am, darn me if you aint a regular driver, cart, whip and all; but at the same time ma'am, I beg pardon for that 'ere lick I guv you in the belly, but it wan't my fault. Hope you're better—take another taste of the cupboard. (*Puts flask to her mouth—she drinks*) a leetle more ma'am.

Mrs. B. No, no more drinking, sir, I forbid it.

Cal. Oh, so am I, ma'am—jist as you say! I reckon as how you're a temperance woman, but not a teetotallar, as we say down East and about there—now my uncle's a teetotaller, and he tuck and cut down his apple orchard for fear his pigs mought eat apples, and thereby grow up to be drunken hogs.

Mrs. B. Come, sir, not a word against temperance—I forbid it—but, inform me, are you really a Yankee savage.

Cal. Not quite a full blooded Yankee savage—but I reckon, I was a savage Yankee a minute ago.

Mrs. B. Bless me, I thought the Americans were of a copper color, and all alike.

Cal. Why, ma'am, we are all alike, but not all of a color—most on us now are of no color.

Mrs. B. How? (*With surprise.*)

Cal. That is, *white*—that you know aint any color—then agin some parts o' the nation are pretty considerably speckled with all sorts o' skin, red, brown, black and yaller; now there's my sweetheart, *Katy Kornsilks*, if she aint the finest color—

Mrs. B. (*Quickly.*) How! oh, a red savage, I suppose.

Cal. Well, I suppose not—a regular full blooded Yankee gal; her hair's so long she can kiver herself up in it,

feet and all—and her cheeks, by the forewheel of old Phœbus' cart, if they aint jist like two big peaches stuck in a lump of fresh butter—oh! great Goligy, but wouldn't I like to have a buss at 'em now; (*aside.*) now to keep in with the old gal; I say, ma'am, I feel so—and you look so—that I reckon I shali have to buss you for her.

Mrs. B. (*With affected modesty.*) Will you? well, sir, I—I don't forbid it.

Cal. Well, so I reckon'd, and so here goes. (*Kisses her. Aside, wiping his mouth.*) It aint Kitty, though—tastes a leetle too much of the cupboard.

Mrs. B. What a winning way he has—sir, inform me, do the white and black Yankees marry one another.

Cal. Well, now ma'am, to tell you the clear truth about it, I'm sorry to say, that some queer old critters do go in for 'malgamation; but ma'am that sort o' way o' mixin' colors don't go down with true blooded Yankees, no how.

Mrs. B. Some forbid it then?

Cal. I reckon they do—by old Goligy, if they were all to go in for that, the country'd be so eternally dark, that the people couldn't see one another.

Mrs. B. Indeed! ah! bless me, what a pity that such a fine intelligent youth like you, should become a rebel.

Cal. No disgrace, I reckon, ma'am—do you know the greatest man that ever lived was a rebel?

Mrs. B. No, who was he?

Cal. One *George Washington!* well known all over this world, and t'other 'too.

Mrs. B. I think I must have heard of him before—but tell me, how came you to leave your country and your sweetheart to join these rebel Poles.

Cal. Why, you see as how, ma'am, I was carpenter, c^{ar}ter and drum-major in the State of Varmount, and w^{as} reckon'd at trainin' and the like, a purty considerable a critter—well, when the news come over that the br^{ave} Poles had struck against tyrant Nick, and wanted help^{ed} thought o' Rusciosko and Pulaski helpin' us—and thin^{ks} I one good turn deserves another, so here goes for Polar^{is} I tell'd Kitty about it—she gnaw'd the eend of her ap^{ple} ab^{it}, then wipin' her eyes with the corner on it, says,

"Its rather hard, Calvin, to part—but mammy stood it in old times, and so will I now." Well, she served me up a few notions, and down I went to Boston; there I happened to come across Nelson Murdale, who was a regular pilot, two other Englishmen, and some Boston boys, with a small vessel, all determined to go the hull critter for the brave Poles.

Mrs. B. The wretches!

Cal. There a question riz, as to how we were to go for to git into Poland. "Jist wait," says I to 'em, "I've kal'ated on a plan that will take us there jist as slick as a soaped ferret into a rat hole." I shew'd a machine I'd invented for dressin' hemp—says I, "jist cart a few o' them across the big salt pond, and if they don't so astonish the Russian rustycrats, that they'll leave us go anywhere, then you may saw my body up into lie-tubs for tellin' a lie,"—so I tuck and made up a few on 'em, and packed 'em up in long boxes—then we got a hull pack o' shootin' sticks and shootin' things, packed 'em in the same sort o' boxes, and marked 'em all "*Patent hemp dressers, for Russia.*" Well, off we sailed in our leetle blue-sail'd Liberty skiff, and by the forewheel of Phœbus' cart, if she didn't skim it across old Neptune's pickle tub a leetle bit faster than a barn-swallow scared by a cart-load o' thunder. I beat Yankee Doodle on the drum, and it appeared to me the harder I beat the faster she went; at first I got sort o' sea-sick, and I felt as though my bowels was playin' swing with my stomach—but arter being soused in pickle a few times, we druv in sight o' one o' your Russian forts, with sich an all-fired liquim vitae name, that 'twould crack one's skull to remember it. Well, out come two or three o' your Muscovies, hairy as Varmount bears, and axed what we was loaded with, and what we was arter; we tell'd 'em we'd come on a bit o' speculation, with machinery; I jist tuck out one o' my hemp machines, tuck a piece o' hemp, and showed 'em how it worked: "There strangers," says I, "I give that 'ere as a present, jist keep it agoin' and darn me if it'll ever stop, or ever want mendin'—and by my spokes, if I didn't drive it down 'em at sich a rate, that one on

'em ordered a hull dozen for his farms in Poland. They look'd into a few boxes, said all right, and told us to drive up to the town; in we druv, and arter we'd sold and swap'd the hull o' my patent hemp dressers, they give us liberty to cart our remainin' boxes to what they 'call their serfs, in Poland, and put one o' their Muscovies to pilot us around to it—well, we soon druv up to a big stone barn, somethin' like this 'ere, and there some o' your darn'd Russian varmints had—

Mrs. B. Come, that's insolence—I forbid it.

Cal. And there they had the brave old Poloski, with his datter and about fifty of his men, reglarly caged—and ready to set to work at dressin' hemp. Arter we'd carted our boxes all into the yard, I give the old chap a wink, says I, "I kal'ate the Muscovies 'll lose by 'this speculation." Six on our crew got the Russian pilot into our cloud skiff again to cart him off somewhere, and somehow, darn me, if they ever got back again; (*aside.*) though I seen somethin' tarnation like 'em this mornin'. Howsomever, one o' your captains with a Boston lady's muff on his head, ordered all the Poles into the yard to help unpack my patent hemp-dressers—and I tell you what, when they seed the boxes was filled with shootin' sticks and the like, darn me if they didn't jump for joy like a scape-gallows Nathan, that when he got pardoned under the gallows, he jump'd so tarnation fur out o' the cart, and come down so fur in the mud, that he had to run all the way back to git the people to come and help him out. Well, by the time that 'ere Russian captain, with the lady's muff on his head, come into the yard, there stood every man with one o' my patent hemp-dressers on his shoulder, ready to pop at him—and by the forewheel of Phœbus' cart, if he didn't turn as blue as a bit o' brimstone scotch'd by lightnin'—Well, he made right arter me—says he, "slave, are these your hemp-dressers?" says I, "jist so, and if you don't want your hemp dressed till there's only a piece o' nothin' left of you, jist back yourself out o' this—bull dogs and all"—here he rung a bell, and in come a whole flock of Muscovy geese—

Mrs. B. Geese! sir, I forbid—

Cal. Guards, I meant—but we went to work upon 'em with my dressers, and used every Muscovy clean up; the Poles were free, and the great barn teetotally their'n; all done slick as dubbin' by my sham patent hemp-dressers.

Mrs. B. Wicked—audacious—abominable wretches, did ever any one hear of such a ——— (*Bell strikes one—Mrs. B. starts up.*) Oh! Heavens bless me, if it isn't after midnight—and here am I listening to you—you—you—I don't know what to call you.

Cal. But, ma'am, as I was tellin' on you—

Mrs. B. Tell me no more—I forbid it, sir—but where can the Count detain Brouski so long, or has the wretch gone to my cupboard. [*Going R. H., drops a key.*]

Cal. There, ma'am, you've dropt somethin'.

Mrs. B. Why, bless me, 'tis the key of that Polish girl's apartment. [*Alarmed.*]

Cal. Stop, ma'am, I'm on the track on't—(*Picks up the key—aside.*) jist what I want—now old gal, I'll swop with you. (*Hides it, and gives her one of the small keys from his pocket.*) There it is, ma'am.

Mrs. B. Oh, thank you—(*looks at it.*) Why, bless me—what a mistake I've made—this is the key of the powder magazine—I'll go instantly and change it.

Cal. The powder magazine, ma'am—where mought that 'ere be ma'am?

Mrs. B. (*Points L. U. E.*) Yonder, 'neath that window that looks out in the sea. (*A female voice R. H. calls "Mrs. Blusterdoff!"*) Oh, dear! the Countess—I must go.

Cal. (*Looking at door.*) Now you don't mean to tell one, that 'ere old granny is the Count's wife, do ye?

Mrs. B. Yes, the noble Countess!

Cal. Countess of witches! no wonder the Count's arter Miss Rowina—I seed that 'ere article yesterday, and darn me if she aint about as ugly as a horse's head skinned.

Mrs. B. Well, she is *not* as handsome as *some*.

[*Displays her figure.*]

Cal. Ha! ha! ha! a Countess! a mouth as wide as a ten acre field—about a half a dozen teeth in it, and them part rotten—ha! ha! darn me when she opened her

mouth if it didn't look like a country grave yard, with a few old mouldy tombstones in it.

Mrs. B. No more, sir—I forbid it.

Cal. The ugliest woman ever I seen but one—and she was so all-scaring ugly, that one day when she looked in the glass she frightened all her hair gray. [*Voice again.*]

Mrs. B. Oh, dear! I must go! (*Looks back tenderly.*) but I'll take another opportunity to—to—cheer your lonely and lonesome solitary solitude.

Cal. Thank ye, ma'am, (*aside.*) kal'ate I shall skeet out o' this afore that. (*Aloud.*) One kiss more for my Kitty—and don't let old Brow-ski lock me up—wlll you.

Mrs. B. Another kiss—I—I don't forbid it.

Here BLUSTERDOFF, tipsy, staggers in at door, with a key in his hand.

Blust. But I *do*, ma'am.

Cal. (*Aside.*) Old Brow-sky, turned into a blue-sky—I'll jist let 'em fight it out. [*Goes up listening.*]

Blust. You ought to be tossed into the—(*She looks fiercely at him.*) that is, I mean, ashamed, ma'am.

Mrs. B. And so ought you, sir—you've been at my cupboard, sir—didn't I forbid it, sir?

Cal. Go it, old gal.

Blust. And as for-for-y-you, sir, I'll lock you up, and you shall be toasted—that is, I mean, tossed into the sea with your damn'd English—(*puts key in the door.*) your damn'd English—

Mrs. B. Brouski, I forbid it.

[*BLUST. attempts to push her.*]

Blust. Go to the dev—that is, I mean, go out!

Mrs. B. I won't, sir.

Blust. You shall, madam.

[*They struggle, BLUST. trying to force Mrs. B. off.*]

Cal. Ha, ha, ha! darn my spokes, now, if that aint a regular Varmount cat hug. Go it, blue-sky—go it, old gal! [*He endeavors to push both out, and finally succeeds; BLUST. hollowing "You shall go! &c."—Mrs. B. "Brouski! &c."—Mrs. B. screams. Countess heard calling within—CALVIN, having pushed them both out, locks the door with the key left by BLUST.*]

Cal. Ha, ha, ha! hurra! hurra for Varmount; (*flourishing key.*) I'm on the right key, now, and no mistake—now I've lock'd myself in, I can jist work and kal'ate our road out; let's see, this key'll let me into Miss Rowina's room—this big chap unlocks yon secret door; old Blue-sky'll find I've a purty considerable of a recollection. Now then, here goes to try that great door. (*Goes to R. H. door and listens, then goes up to the secret door and fits the key in it.*) Breakin' into a house is a crime; but breakin' out on't aint, if they don't ketch you; it turns as hard as uncle Calvin's great grindstone, that went by horse-power; however it'll have to come. (*Gives a powerful turn of the key—the bolt is heard to fly back.*) I said so; I know'd that pull'd make you talk; now then to pull open your darned iron jaws; (*pulls.*) won't you come—guess you'll have to. (*Pulls again—it opens with a jarring sound—he looks out.*) Hurra! darn my spokes if it aint near daylight; and by old Goligy, if here aint a nice pair of stairs, made, I reckon for the water to come up by; (*looks further out.*) and by the forewheel of Phœbus' cart, if away yonder aint the cloud skiff; hurra!

[*Here voices are heard at R. of F.*

Murdale. (*Without, at back of F.*) Off! murderous villains! off!

Cal. Darn my spokes if them eternal Muscovy dogs aint throwin' Murdale into the sea! Oh! great Goligy! what can I do? (*Runs about.*) darned a rope is there about! then out goes yon table. [*Takes it up.*

Ruffenhoff. (*Without.*) Now, base rebel, die!

[*A plunge is heard.*

Mur. (*Without.*) Mercy! help! help! Farewell, Rowina! Calvin, help!

[*CALVIN throws out the table in great alarm.*

Cal. Hurra! he's got it! (*looking off.*) darn my spokes if it aint tuck right under the barn! Oh! airth and creation! what shall I do? if it wasn't for Miss Rowina, I'd go right arter him! Oh! (*Runs about in distraction.*) But arter all, he's not fool enough to drown right off, I know! Hurra! I'll jist drum her in; (*Gives three rolls on Brazen Drum—shuts door in F.*) it won't do for the Muscovies

to see this door open. Now then to fetch in Miss Rowina—and then arter Nelson. By the forewheel of Phœbus' cart, they shall no more stop me than a harrycane.

[*Goes out door R. H., and locks it after him.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Fortress.*—1 *a.*

Music.—RUFFENHOFF drags in ROWINA, struggling.

Rowina. Remorseless and cowardly homicide, think you a murdered lover's cries can fright my soul to thy base purposes? No! as death is preferable to bondage, his dying shrieks to me are sounds of joy.

Ruf. Ah! do you scorn me still? proud fool, this instant yield, or a lingering death awaits you.

Rowina. Never! I dare your dreadest death! 'twill send my soul free and unspotted to it's Lord.

Ruf. Hell's vengeance on her scorn! I'll try her further. (*Opens a large trap in c, and drags her to it.*) Behold your fate, proud maid; beneath this floor sweeps the roaring sea, and—

Cal. (*Entering R. H., unseen.*) Then darn my spokes, if I don't put one hog in salt and water.

[*Music.*—*He pulls ROWINA from RUF., who starts and half draws his sword.*]

Cal. No you don't!

Ruf. Ha! accursed slave! what ho! Politz! guards!

[*CALVIN disarms him, and tripping him, pushes him into trap.*]

Ruf. Slave! Guards! help! help!

Cal. The devil help you, you eternal wolf. (*Slams the trap on him, and jumps on it, giving a loud crow.*) Miss, it aint the first hog I've put in pickle, darn me.

[*MURDALE is heard calling beneath the floor.*]

Mur. Help, help!

Rowina. (*Shrieking.*) Gracious powers! Murdale's voice!

Cal. Eh? darn my spokes, if you aint right. Hurra! (*Pulls up trap and looks down.*) Hurra! Nelson, hurra! I'll fish you out in no time. (*MURDALE is heard struggling.*) I've got him—I've got him! hurra!

[*Music.*—He drawe MURDALE out by the chains on his hands—wet and partially insensible—CALVIN supports him. ROWINA wipes the wet from his face, and endeavors to revive him.

Cal. Darn me if that wan't the best haul I ever did make; (*pulls out flask.*) while I put a leetle o' this inside on him, jist you rub a leetle outside—look, he's gettin' awake.

Rowina. Blessed Heaven! he revives! he breathes!—Nelson, my love, look, look upon your Rowina!

Mur. That voice! where am I?

Cal. Why in a darned sight better company than you've been in lately. [*Pulls the chains from his hands.*

Mur. Calvin! Rowina! do my wavering senses mock me! no, no, I clasp your lov'd forms; I feel the thrilling pressure of your hands! Great God! 'tis real!

[*They embrace.*

Cal. Yes, true real critters, and no mistake; but, come now, no more time for huggin'; jist foller me, and I'll take you out o' this infernal barn, instanterly; our skiff is nigh, waitin' to cart us off, and darn me, if ever these allfired—

Music.—Enter POLITZ, SERFITZ, and Guards, R. H.—MURDALE picks up the Count's sword—CALVIN seizes the chains.

Poli. Ah! the English rebel rescued! where's the Count?

Cal. (*Pointing down.*) Gone home to old Nick, his daddy; and I'll send you arter him.

Poli. Secure the slaves!

Cal. Not while I've a claw left, darn me if you do.

[*Music.*—MURDALE beats POLITZ down—CALVIN beats down SERFITZ and Guards with the chain.

Cal. There, you eternal ugly dogs, take that; and bark till I come back again; dare to foller, and by the forewheel of Phæbus' cart, this iron cartwhip shall skin you alive. [*Music.*—CALVIN bears ROWINA off R. H.—MURDALE follows.

Poli. Fly, Serfitz, to the guard-room—ring the alarm bell! beat the drum! Quick, rouse the fortress!

[*Music.—They all rush out R. H.—Three rolls are heard on the Brazen Drum, at which the scene draws to—*

SCENE V.—*And discovers the Outside of the Fortress at back—the Secret Door, with steps reaching to the water—Windows on each side.—The stage covered with Moving Waters—the Cloud Skiff, with POLOSKI and party move on, L. S, E.—and sails up to Secret Door, at which CALVIN stands with ROWINA and MURDALE.—CALVIN passes ROWINA to POLOSKI—they embrace—MURDALE follows into Skiff—CALVIN springs in after him—the Skiff moves off—the alarm bell of the fortress is heard—the drums beat, and Guards, Officers, &c. appear at the door and present—CALVIN takes a gun from one of the party in the skiff, and levels it.*

Poli. Fire! and crush the slaves!

Cal. Yes, you all fired rustycrats's bull dogs—yon window leads to your powder garret; jist bark another word about shootin' and I'll send a hot ball into it, and blow you all ten miles t'other side o' creation.

Poli. Guards, fire!

[*They present.*

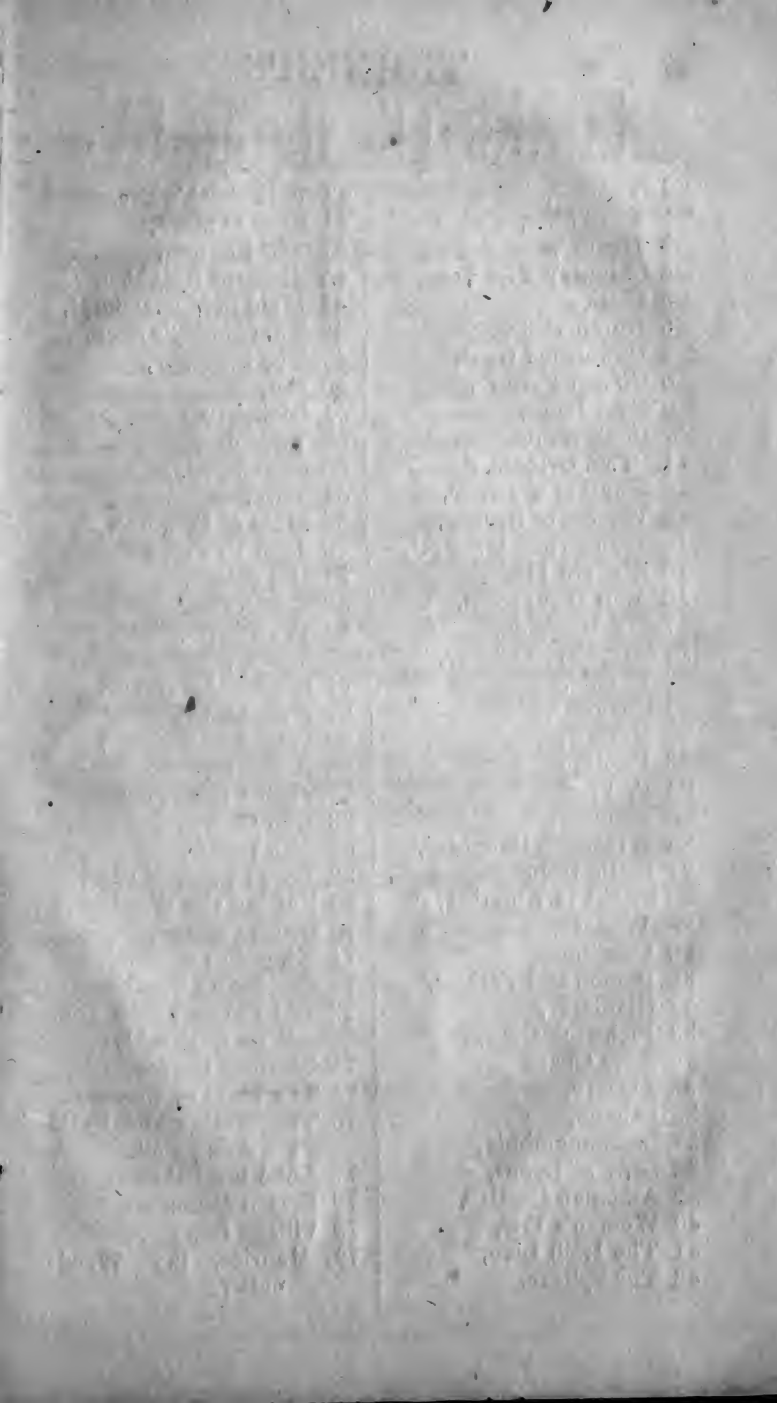
Cal. So am I.

[*He fires into the window leading to the magazine, and a part of the fortress blows up with a terrific explosion—accompanied by the shrieks of the inmates.*

Cal. Hail Columby, happy land,
The Russian dogs may all be —

[*The flags are raised, and the skiff moves off to a National air, as the*

CURTAIN QUICKLY DESCENDS.



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